

The Bloomfield Gazette.

WILLIAM P. LYON, A. M.,
CHARLES M. DAVIS, A. M., Editors.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men; Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.—COWPER.

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FIVE CENTS

THE DEACON AND THE LIME.

BY REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD.

Historical of the building of the Old Presbyterian
Church in Bloomfield, in the last century.

Not every man of courage bold
Fights on the bloody field,
Faith gains a nobler victory still,
Than when ten thousand yield.

Of Deacon Davis will I sing,
A godly man was he;
And for this reason, dearly loved
By all Christ's company.

To build a Church they long had toiled,
With all their might and main;
A larger church by fewer men
Will never be built again.

With their own hands they squared the stones,
And brought them to the ground,
With their own hands they felled the trees
And hewed the timbers round.

But now they were in evil case,
Their walls much needed lime,
And when and fast was coming on
The dreadful winter time.

Then up and spoke this Deacon good,
Unto his friends so true:
"To-morrow we must go to town
And see what we can do."

"To lose the labor we have done
Would be a weary blow,
And then the shame, if we begin
And finish not also!"

Next morn they take their anxious way
Down to Wasson lane,
And in the well known boat embark:
God bring them safe again!

Only have they within their purse
For what their journey calls,
All else has long ago been spent
To build the holy walls.

The coats upon their backs are old,
For to themselves they are aware,
Until God's house is all complete
New clothes we will not wear.

Then down the river, up the bay,
They reach Manhattan shore,
He who a prosperous voyage gives
Can prosper them still more.

Another providence they see,
They come all in good time,
Behold in port—the only one—
A Yankee sloop with lime!

But with the skipper for to deal
Not much do they rejoice,
The gale his temper seemed to be,
The surly waves his voice.

"Skipper, we want your lime," said they,
"For this we came to town."
"The lime is y—ars, or any man's
For fifty dollars down."

No other bargain would he make
Throughout the living day,
The Deacon's friend went home again,
The Deacon went to pray.

And all night long he kept his knees
As one might beg to live,
The good Lord taught him thus to pray
For what he meant to give.

"That lime is for the Church," said he,
"I feel it in my soul;
No other lime will mortar make
To keep the building whole."

The Skipper then next morn he tells,
At crowing of the cock,
Up the Passaic take your load,
And to Wasson dock.

But when the money was to come,
The Deacon could not fall,
From empty purses home, he asked
Five hundred pounds as well.

Slowly and sick enough at heart
He went his weary way,
And when the load too heavy was,
He turned aside to pray.

Now all ye Christian people, see
What in the end did come,
To this good man, so sorely tried,
When he arrived at home.

By chance, somehow, as some would say,
A chance ordained of grace,
The Governor, he that very day
Was passing through the place.

He stopped and went into the church,
He praised the people's skill,
He saw a Bible case, and he,
A fifty dollar bill.

The Deacon heard the story through,
Looked up to heaven and smiled,
Then laid him down and slept all night
As sweetly as a child.

All honor to this worthy man,
To those of kindred fame,
And honor to the Governor good
Who gave Bloomfield its name.

ORANGE MATTERS.

PARSONS, CURTIS, ORANGEHILL, GOUGH,
McDONALD.

The Young Men's Christian Association of this place, organized the above mentioned gentlemen to compose its lecture course for this winter. The lecture committee deserve praise for the tact and judgment displayed in this selection of diverse talent, and the treasurer will present in his next report an acknowledgment in figures more eloquent than words. Parsons opened the course, with George Stephenson for his subject, treating it with his usual vigorous, serio-comic style. The awkward, diffident, honest laborer, through the lecture, inspired every one present with a kindlier sym-

pathy for the plodders whom we carelessly pass on our daily rounds, and revealed, in the happily discovered genius of this honored son of toll, possibilities in every begrimed face of our notice that should awaken a more active interest in their lives, and develop a more generous acknowledgment of our common humanity.

G. W. Curtis followed with one of his elegant essays—"Women in the Old Time and New." It was delivered with the scholarly grace one would expect from this cultured gentleman. He clothed his modern subjects in classic habiliments. Heroes and heroines of mythological times were impressed into the throng of Broadway, and forced to do duty befitting folk of the period. In fine, he presented an elaborate argument for the advancement of women, especially in an educational sense. He would have every college in the land open to them; and every available avenue of usefulness inviting a fair competition. While carefully avoiding the positive "rights" claimed by the more vigorous of our sisters, he caused every womanly heart in the audience to feel that its just demands were being forcibly and delicately urged.

Prof. Churchill was next in order; and, if not nearly so finished a reader as Vandenberg, of a previous course, he gave, perhaps, a more generally enjoyable course of selections. Several pathetic pieces were rendered from Dickens and others, but in Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" he discovered his best vein, convulsing the house with the Italian guide's discomfiture. We have one creation in these days of countless imaginary people that is of the flesh; and that has been baptized in the fountain of perpetual youth, to recount to coming generations the proverbial Yankee in all his unadorned simplicity; and this Prof. Churchill made his own in choosing the "Parson's Courtship," a little episode that contains all of New England life—village life—in a nutshell. Sam La-wan will serve to keep green Harriet Beecher Stowe's memory, if all else of that gifted ladies productions suffer oblivion.

And now we come to listen to the redoubtable Gough—John B. What a magnet among the common people; what a power for good among the young men listening to the seductive advances of the wine-cup. "Will It Pay?" was his query for our evening's consideration. He told us what would, and what wouldn't, in his inimitable manner, the while treating us to a gorgeous description of Yosemite and the Overland route. Now leading us to the verge of dizzy precipices, and bidding us look down. Oh! how we shuddered; transporting us through lonely valleys to reverse our view and look up, up, till the sombre crags seemed losing themselves in infinite space. And then, the novel, not to mention frightful, sensations of the rattly-bang descent of the lumbering coach and six of a mountain path, sweeping at a fearful angle close to the edge of yawning chasms, down into the valleys whose distant repose and inviting safety only served to sharpen the realization of the traveler's appalling position. Could Gough have done with an audience without one appeal to the young men present to preserve themselves from the demon—Drunk? I fancy if he signed an agreement to ignore Temperance for the once, he would irresistibly prove false to his promise, and launch a thunderbolt at the vile enemy of mankind.

Last came McDonald, and Orange acknowledged the compliment of his presence by collecting within the old "First Church" an audience fit to inspire the highest effort. I must confess to a little disagreeable "first impression" at the appearance of the lecturer. But I was not long in discovering the rich intellectual treat spreading before me, and the questionable hospitality of my exclusive feelings quickly hastened to make amends, by affecting a sentimental enjoyment of the lecturer's dialect. He said he felt no embarrassment in making Macbeth a subject of discourse in a church, as he chose it to illustrate the most terrible embodiment of retribution literature affords us. His earnest tribute to Shakespeare's genius, for the bestowal of such rare gifts, almost threw original light on our interpretation of the much criticized text. "It was announced in our local papers that he would preach in the 'Valley' church, Rev. George Bacon's, whose guest he was. Should I go? Two miles of

slush and rain lay between me and the church. I took a turn on my heel once, twice—yes, I will! and away I went. The church was well filled, considering the distance from town, and the obstacles to be overcome; but all who had summoned courage to brave the elements were amply rewarded, for the simple story of Martha and Mary was invested with a vivid reality that brought us infinitely nearer to them of that far off time. We felt ourselves within the humble house; we had become an unknown guest, and were eagerly drinking in the lesson the Master was then to teach the lowly sisters.

Not unnoticeable features of the occasion were the playing of Wm. Mason on the powerful organ, and the beautiful floral display about the preacher's desk.

Some of our prominent citizens are trying to effect an engagement of Prof. Tyndall to deliver his course of lectures on "Light and Heat."

H. C. S.

THE TEACHER'S PROFESSION.

EDITORIAL.

It is gratifying to notice the increasing consideration accorded to the Educator's vocation. Usually, in speaking of the learned professions, three only are understood to be included—the Medical, the Legal, and the Clerical. While we would not detract in any degree from the exalted character and high responsibility justly belonging to those professions, we think that equal consideration may be rightly claimed for the Teachers.

Are they learned? So in the same sense are the Teachers. Are they important to the well being of society? So are the Teachers. It has seemed to us highly proper that the Teachers should be classed among the learned professions, and, indeed, that it is necessary to complete that circle. The Physician cares for the body—the Lawyer for the goods and chattels, the property—the Teacher for the mind.

It is the duty of the medical profession to investigate and expound the laws of health, and to rectify physical disorders. It is included in the Legal profession to explain the civil law, and protect citizens in their rights. It is incumbent on the Clerical profession to concern itself about the moral condition of society, to declare the way of salvation, and, as ambassadors for God, to beseech sinners to be reconciled to Him.

It appertains to the Educational profession, to work upon the immortal mind, to watch and govern the developing intellect, to expand and strengthen its several faculties in harmonious proportion, to discipline its powers, and store it with various and well adapted knowledge. To a certain extent, and in a very important degree, the Educator embraces the other three professions in his. He teaches the laws of physiology, and inculcates the principles of health preservation; he teaches political economy and constitutional law, the relations of society, and the rights and immunities of its various members; he cultivates the affection of the heart, and teaches the obligations of Christianity; and claims of God, and imbues the youthful mind with a solemn sense of its moral responsibility.

Again, the three former professions, having to do mainly with adults, the responsibility of the Physician merely involves the application of remedies for the removal of existing maladies; that of the Lawyer, the adjustment of confused claims, or the imposition of merited penalties; that of the Clergyman, the declaration of the whole counsel of God, and persuasives to piety; and in all these cases the responsibility is shared by several, and as it respects the professional man himself, ceases for the most part with each transaction. But the Educator's profession, having to do with youth, involves a responsibility reaching through successive generations, and limitless as eternity, for it is for him to form the character. He has not only to give ideas, he must establish principles; he has not only to invite exertion and make easy the paths of ambition, he must at the same time infuse good desires and great designs. Nor does his duty end when he advises and instructs—he must control—he must enforce—he must constrain one faculty and draw out another—he must frown upon vice, and subdue the first risings of evil, while he commends virtue and encour-

ages goodness; he must give line upon line and precept upon precept; not only eradicating wrong principles, but instilling right ones, and requiring the practice of them.

What profession lays under contribution such a combination of qualities? He needs patience in no stinted measure; he needs experience, firmness, self-control, forbearance, ingenuity, perseverance, learning, religion, and above all, common sense. May we not conclude, then, in view of its similarity of character, that the Educator's profession should be included among the learned professions, hereafter to number four instead of three? We know that an objector may urge the inferior character, limited intelligence, and obvious disqualification of many that undertake the guide and instruction of youth. But are there no quacks in medicine?—no empirics in law?—no ignoramuses and hypocrites in theology? We think the objection lies in nearly an equal degree against all the professions.

While there is no profession more laborious—more self-denying, nor commonly more thankless, we think it due to this one, that the qualified, experienced, successful teacher, should be eligible to a degree that would at once indicate his character in his profession, and confer honor and dignity upon it.

W. P. L.

NEWARK.

WITHIN the last twelve years the population of the city has more than doubled (in 1858 it was estimated at 60,000, at the beginning of this year it was estimated at 125,000), factories and mills of all descriptions have sprung up, others are in course of erection, banks and wholesale trade are coming to the front, and Newark drives its hands deep down into its well-filled pockets, and looks complacently around with an air of satisfaction and honest pride.

Fifteen years after its settlement, i. e., 1681, by Treat and Pierson, with their respective bands of forty-one and twenty-three souls, its population numbered 500.

It was made a township by Queen Anne in 1718, but still its early growth was very slow and tedious, and, in 1810, it numbered less than 5,000.

The weekly paper, in its number for 19th of March, 1811, gives the following census returns:

Number of inhabitants, in 1810, in the town-plot of Newark	4,398
Number of dwelling-houses	694
Number of stores, barns, stables, etc.	644

In those days the principal business of Newark and the other towns of Essex County was the manufacture of cloths, stuffs and general woolen goods, boots, shoes, and slippers, distilling, and carriage-building. The value of the aggregate product of the county was only \$1,210,471. To-day the manufacturing business of Newark alone is not less than \$90,000,000 a year.

The Board of Trade returns for 1871, as nearly as could be obtained, are as follows:

Manufacturing Establishments	1,015
Number of hands employed	29,147
Amount of wages paid	\$14,767,397 00
Capital invested	\$54,407,470 00
Value of the products	72,879,098 00

By comparing this statistic, we find that the value of her products pays over four millions of dollars (4,000,000) beyond 100 per cent. on the investment. Does not this look like thrift?

The leading articles of manufacture are:

Boots and Shoes	\$2,065,000 00
Boys	\$3,291,500 00
Estimated cloths	1,500,000 00
Clothing	3,000,000 00
Hats	2,500,000 00
Hardware	2,000,000 00
Iron, principally for domestic trade	1,750,000 00
Jewelry, a specialty of Newark	5,000,000 00
Leather	2,500,000 00
Shedding and Smelting	2,000,000 00
Saddlery and Harness	1,000,000 00
Tobacco	1,000,000 00
Trunks and Valises	5,000,000 00
Varnish	1,000,000 00

Newark now boasts nine banks. There are five savings banks, the oldest of which, the Newark Savings Institution, incorporated in 1847, has \$1,022,841.56 deposits. The aggregate deposits of all the savings banks amount to \$18,644,908.41. There are sixteen local life and fire insurance companies, with an aggregate capital of \$5,722,317.

For means of education, the city seems comparatively rich. There are twenty-two public school houses, nine of which are each capable of accommodating from eight hundred to one

thousand pupils, and have both primary and grammar departments; the other buildings are all smaller and confined to one apartment. But, in addition, there are five evening schools, a Normal school, and a High school, under the charge of a principal and ten assistants, where the rising generation is prepared for a commercial life or for college.

There are, besides several very excellent private schools, at the head of which stand the Newark Academy (for boys or young men). The building is commodious and suitable, situated upon High street, commanding a fine view east and south. It has a complete course of instruction, from the first rudiments upward, fitting young men for commercial life or preparing them to enter the first or higher grades of any of our classical and scientific colleges. The general tone of the school is very high, and this could not be so if the Principals—Professors Davis and Hopkins—were not the well-known scholars and experienced educators that they are.

WALTER SCOTT.

Messrs. Editors: That "history repeats itself" is a motto that bears upon its face the marks of truth. The great men of antiquity—Plato, Socrates, Euripides, Cicero, Caesar, Alexander the Great, as also those of more modern times—Napoleon, Frederick the Great, Wellington, and Lincoln—have all met death with some one or more of their darling anticipations unrealized and ambitious desires unsatisfied, while many of their highest hopes for the name they love and the families of which they were the progenitors remain unfulfilled.

In no more case is this fact better nor more pitilessly illustrated than in that of Scotland's most renowned bard and historian, Sir Walter Scott. In early life, constantly battling against obstacles that threatened to overwhelm him, he set his heart in later years upon the accomplishment of two or three pet objects, which, however hard it is to say, signally failed. The ruins of Abbotsford testify to the ill-success with which his efforts to build for himself a noble baronial pile were attended. Ruin stared him in the face long before its completion. His highest ambition was to found a widely extended family, that should carry his name down to posterity laden with the rich fragrance of his works. Mark the reality.

His only living descendant, a great grandchild, is a girl of nineteen, and must drop her family name on entering into matrimonial relations. While he fervently desired to have his family a power in the Christian world by a united, hearty co-operation under the banner of the Protestant faith, we find this, the last of his line, a disciple of the Roman Church, which he so cordially abhorred. Thus we have three of Scott's dearest hopes unfulfilled. How utterly fruitless it is for us to pry into the future, to determine the plans and purposes of the infinite is here aptly illustrated.

There is, however, much pleasure to be derived from the fact, that, should Sir Walter step from the grave, at this moment, he would find his highest anticipations, in regard to the wide extent of the circulation of his works, and the vast amount of good accomplished by them, more than satisfied.

F. H. M.

THE WHEELBARROW.

If you have occasion to use a wheelbarrow, leave it, when you are through with it, in front of the house with the handles toward the door. A wheelbarrow is the most complicated thing to fall over on the face of the earth. A man will fall over one when he would never think of falling over anything else. He never knows when he has got through tilling over it either, for it will tangle his legs and his arms, turn over with him, and rear up in front of him, and just as he pauses in his profanity to congratulate himself, it takes a new turn and scoops more skin off him, and he commences to evolve anew, and bump himself on fresh places. A man never ceases to fall over a wheelbarrow until it turns completely on its back, or brings up against something it cannot upset. It is the most inoffensive looking object there is, but it is more dangerous than a locomotive, and no man is secure with one unless he has tight hold of its handles, and is sitting down on some thing. A wheelbarrow has its uses, without doubt, but in its leisure moments it is the great blighting curse on true dignity.—N. Y. Mail.

FAME.

FAME does not depend on the will of any man, but reputation may be given or taken away: for Fame is the sympathy of kindred intellects, and sympathy is not a subject of willing; while Reputation, having its source in popular voice, is a sentence which may either be uttered or suppressed at pleasure. Reputation being essentially contemporaneous, is always at the mercy of the Envious and the Ignorant. But Fame, whose very birth is posthumous, and which is only known to exist by the echo of its footsteps through congenial minds, can neither be increased nor diminished by any degree of willfulness.

What light is in the natural world, such is fame in the intellectual: both requiring an atmosphere in order to become perceptible. Hence the fame of Michael Angelo is, to some minds, a bonanza; even as the sun itself would be invisible in vacuo.

Fame has no necessary conjunction with praise: it may exist without the breath of a word; it is a recognition of excellence, which must be felt, but need not be spoken. Even the envious must feel it: feel it, and hate it in silence.

I cannot believe, that any man who deserved fame, ever labored for it: that is, directly. For as fame is but the contingent of excellence, it would be like an attempt to project a shadow before its substance was obtained. Many, however, have so fancied: "I write and paint for fame," has often been repeated: it should have been, "I write, I paint for reputation." All anxiety, therefore, about fame, should be placed to the account of reputation.

MORALS OF CHESS.

PLAYING at chess is the most ancient and most universal game known among men; for its original is beyond the memory of history, and it has, for numberless ages, been the amusement of all the civilized nations of Asia, the Persians, the Indians, and the Chinese. Europe has had it above a thousand years; the Spaniards have spread it over their part of America; and it has lately begun to make its appearance in the United States. It is so interesting in itself, as not to need the view of gain to induce engaging in it; and thence it is seldom played for money. Those, therefore, who have leisure for such diversions, cannot find one that is more innocent; and the following piece, written with a view to correct (among a few friends) some little improprieties in the practice of it, shows at the same time that it may, in its effects on the mind, be not merely innocent, but advantageous, to the vanquished as well as victor.

The game of chess is not merely an idle amusement. Several very valuable qualities of the mind, useful in the course of human life, are to be acquired or strengthened by it, so as to become habits, ready on all occasions. For life is a kind of chess, in which we have often points to gain, and competitors or adversaries to contend with, and in which there is a vast variety of good and evil events, that are in some degree the effects of prudence or the want of it. By playing at chess, then, we may learn:

I. *Forethought*, which looks a little into futurity, and considers the consequences that may attend an action; for it is continually occurring to the player, "If I move this piece, what will be the advantage of my new situation? What use can my adversary make of it to annoy me? What other moves can I make to support it, and to defend myself from his attacks?"

II. *Circumspection*, which surveys the whole chess-board, or scene of action; the relations of the several pieces, and situations, the dangers they are respectively exposed to, the several possibilities of their aiding each other; the probabilities that the adversary may make this or that move, and attack this or the other piece, and what different means can be used to avoid his stroke, or turn its consequences against him.

III. *Caution*, not to make our moves too hastily. This habit is best acquired by observing strictly the laws of the game; such as, "If you touch a piece, you must move it somewhere; if you set it down, you must let it stand;" and it is therefore best that these rules should be observed, as the game thereby becomes more the image of human life, and particularly of war; in which, if you have incautiously put yourself into a bad and dangerous position, you cannot obtain your enemy's leave to withdraw your troops, and place them more securely, but you must abide all the consequences of your rashness.

And lastly, we learn by chess the habit of not being discouraged by present appearances in the state of our affairs, the habit of hoping for a favorable change, and that of persevering in

the search of resources. The game is so full of events, there is such a variety of turns in it, the fortune of it is so subject to sudden vicissitudes, and one so frequently, after long contemplation, discovers the means of extricating one's self from a supposed insurmountable difficulty, that one is encouraged to continue the contest to the last, in hopes of victory by our own skill, or at least of getting a stale mate, by the negligence of our adversary. And whoever considers, what in chess he often sees instances of, that particular pieces of success are apt to produce presumption, and its consequent inattention, by which the losses may be recovered, will learn not to be too much discouraged by the present success of his adversary, nor to despair of final good fortune upon every little check he receives in the pursuit of it.

That we may therefore be induced more frequently to choose this beneficial amusement, in preference to others which are not attended with the same advantages, every circumstance which may increase the pleasures of it should be regarded; and every action or word that is unfair, disrespectful, or that in any way may give uneasiness, should be avoided, as contrary to the immediate intention of both the players, which is to pass the time agreeably. Franklin.

FOR THE BLOOMFIELD GAZETTE. FORGET ME NOT.

A German legend says, that as two lovers were walking by a stream they saw an unknown flower on the margin. The lover, at the maiden's request, stooped to pluck it; he fell into the stream, and was drowned. The last words he uttered, as he held the flower above the water, were, "Forget-me-not."

In yonder sad and lonely spot,
The river's border near,
A flower, the sweet Forget-me-not,
Blossoms there that speak to cheer.
A lover once, in by-gone days,
Was wandering through the lower,
A maiden, so the legend says,
Begged him to call that flower:
He stooped, and heading in the stream
He fell! A hand appears—
The maiden faints and as a dream,
She sees the hand, and hears the words
The echo of that lonely spot:
Repeat: Forget! Forget-me-not!

These hearts in life with love entwined,
These hearts in life and death so true,
Within one tomb sleep now enshrined,
But on that tomb, midst tears of dew,
Spring forth in brightest azure blue,
A flower to cheer that mournful spot,
The flower that's called "Forget-me-not!"

OSCAR L. DODGE,
South Orange, Jan., 1873.

KEEPING THE COMMANDMENTS.

A KING is made glorious by the obedience of the subjects throughout his realm. He is honored in that way. The parent is honored by the child. How? Not by his running around the neighborhood, and saying, "Oh! what a great man my father is!" or, "What a beautiful woman my mother is!" or, "What a splendid house my father has to live in!" For a child to do that would be ridiculous. We like to see a child manifest warmth and affection toward his parents; but publishing such things in the streets about one's parents is not glorifying those parents. If a child loves and honors his parents, he knows it by studiously fulfilling their known wishes. An affectionate and loving child does honor his parents in the eyes of all the neighborhood. The teacher is honored, not by what the pupil says, but by what he does. Find out what they want who are put over you, and do that, and then you honor them. And we honor, or what is the same thing, we glorify, God by fulfilling his known commands.—Becher.

A PLAN IN LIFE.

"What is your plan in life?" I asked a small boy, turning from his big brothers who were talking about their plans, to which he and I had been listening. "What is yours, Neddie?"

"I am not big enough for a plan yet," said Neddie; "but I have a purpose."

"That is good. It is not every one who has a purpose. What is your purpose?"

"To grow up a good boy, so as to be a good man like my father," said Neddie. "And, by the way he said it, it was plain he meant it. His father was a noble, Christian man; and Neddie could not do better than to follow his steps. A boy with such a purpose will not fall of his mark."

FIX YOUR LOCAL PAPER.—An exchange says, it is well worth while to save your home paper and have it bound. A few years will make it the most instructive and entertaining volume that you can possess. All the laws of association make it more or less a history of yourself and friends. Names, dates and facts are preserved in the most instructive manner. Over it you may dry at your mistakes, laugh at your follies and rejoice in a review of those things that led to improvement. It records the history of a town, which is but an epitome of universal history.

